

## Puddle Of Mudd

### "Soldier"

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Chorus: Magic

Bitch i'm a soldier (until the day that i die)  
A No limit soldier (yes i am, yes i am)  
I thought that I told ya (and nothing or no one could  
ever change that)  
Ain't no need to ask me why I'm a soldier til i die.

[Magic]

I'm a soldier see the tank on my neck?  
Mr. Magic is my name y'all better give me respect  
You might remember me from seein' me postin' up on  
the block  
With a .45 Glock  
and a mouth full of rocks  
Hustlin' like I didn't even care  
Wakin' up my neighbors poppin' pistols in the air  
Tryin' make a million pullin' all night flights I'm praying  
cuz I'm  
knowin that my life ain't right  
Forgive cuz I'm wrong but I'm begging or forgiveness  
And now I'm hustlin' in a whole other business  
Tryin' to do right for the people that I hurt  
in the process of growin up  
I've change my ways i guess thats why I'm blowin up  
I'm comin' back for all my peeps  
Just try to stay alive and keep your ass off the streets  
For the ones that gotta hustle just to eat  
Lord, I say a prayer for you before i fall asleep

Chorus

[Magic]

How man heard Sky's the Limit?  
Shit i ain't finished this is only the beginning  
I'm with no limit  
Just think I'm in my prime  
If I'm not the best just give me some time and I'll  
change your mind  
Niggas like me hard to find  
Genuine I'm the only of my kind young black and full of

pride  
With a mind to teach the whole world  
If you just listen to my words  
Y'all can feel my pain  
A lot of years wasted, buku friends died a lot of wet  
faces  
The other half caught a bunch of fuckin' cases  
So still a lot of tender spaces  
Wish I could erase the hate  
Who said money makes you happy?  
It can never bring back my daddy  
So fuck the Navi and Caddie  
I'm hopin' y'all could hear me  
Cuz I'm speakin' this from the heart  
Me and my fans never torn apart

Chorus

[Magic]

And to the haters that be hatin' on my click  
Find a spot in line or suck a nigga's dick  
I'm gettin a lot of call now  
Bunch of fake bustas I couldn't ever trust ya,  
fuckin blood suckers  
Want me for the gift that you never thought I had  
I saw your other side, but fuck it I'm mad  
You say a lot of shit but you never ponit the finger  
I'm guessin' that Mr. Magic gon' remember  
Surprisin' a lot of so called superstars  
Passive comments but really don't want go to war  
Not with me my reputation stands for itself  
Just pull the disc out can't keep it on the shelf go and  
get it like  
it's the last one left  
I work the piss out the people who press 'em  
I thank the lord for such a wonderful blessin'  
Every word that I speak is a lesson  
hard to believe that this nigga is from the projects

Chorus

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